

WOMAN LOSES HER IDENTITY

Woman Who'd About City in Hope She May Remember Home.

Unable to remember anything that has happened prior to December 17 last, when she was found wandering aimlessly near Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, a woman, about 65 years old, has a case of amnesia that is puzzling the physicians of Bellevue Hospital. Dr. W. H. Smith, the general medical superintendent, is much interested in the patient, and is doing his utmost to bring the woman's memory back. Although she cries all day, nobody can make out what she wishes to say. She cannot talk, but the physicians assert that she is asking to be taken home.

When the woman was found in the street she was well dressed, but nothing was found that would give any clue to her identity. She had a slight paralysis of the right side. It was discovered afterward, when she was asked for her pedigree, that she had lost her speech. More than usual pains have been taken to bring the woman's memory back. She has been shown numbers, in the hope that she might recollect the number of the street or the house.

Dr. Smith said that, though cases of amnesia are not rare, they usually are most interesting, especially when the patient is unknown to any one in the institution. He says that the woman's memory and power of speech should return in three months.

For the last week the nurses and physicians have shown maps, with the different streets of the city marked in plain letters and numbers, to her, in the hope of catching a flash of memory. It is said that the woman's condition is not due to any injury, as apart from the lack of speech and lapse of memory she practically is in good health.

A new method of getting the woman to remember the street where she lived was tried. She was taken in a roller chair along the East Side streets. The doctors found she pointed to numbers that made them think that she lives in the neighborhood of Second avenue and Fifty-third Street. She did not recognize any places during the ride, which extended to Sixty-third street on the East Side, however.

—New York Press.

ARE NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY

English Business Men Agree That Middle Ages Is Best for Work.

The question at what age a man is best fitted for close mental and physical work has been raised by the wonderful endurance of Commander Peary, who at the age of 53 has discovered the north pole.

Some interesting opinions have been advanced by the heads of large business firms, medical men, and others on the subject.

Commander Peary's achievement has exploded the "too old at 40" bubble, the manager of a famous engineering firm told a representative of the Daily Mail.

"It has been my experience that mechanical engineers, so long as they keep in good health, are much better and more useful workers at 50 than are young men of 25."

"In our employ we have many engineers doing hard manual work, whose ages are between 40 and 70. They are thoroughly experienced workmen, who do not make mistakes, like young men."

"Of course, with consulting engineers their value increases as they get older, provided, of course, they retain their health and mental powers."

The manager of a big business said that in his opinion a man was fitted for mental work from the age of 30 to 45. "At the age of 45 he should have acquired sufficient experience to superintend his juniors, and to be a valuable asset to his employers," he said.

An experienced Harley street physician said that the average man was the fittest, mentally and physically, between the ages of 35 and 45.

"By what age a man should thoroughly understand himself—not only his mind, but his body," he said, "he knows, or should know, how to diet himself, how to keep an even level of good health and well being. With a sound constitution a man can retain his vigor and mental powers until he is 65 or 70."—London Mail.

THE SIZE OF IT.

The editor of a newspaper is often accused of leaving out certain items of news purely because of a dislike of the person to be mentioned, or from prejudice or any other cause. This is all bosh.

The editor, Sample, being like a million dollars, CO. Keenly think of in connection with the use of one paper, and it is COATS. "Of course, if he misses an item, he is to be forgiven, but he should be careful to clean up his act."

LE, 315 N. 57th St. of ten people to his office. Anything clear will tell you they are doing a very good job. But in most cases, the editor is to be forgiven, but he should be careful to clean up his act."

SELLS THE LUNGS.

Bert Morphy, the noted singer of Chicago who features all conventions of Elks with his melodies, received a letter when in Detroit last week from Dr. James H. Blair, of the Bennett Medical College of Chicago, asking him to sell his lungs and lungs to the college for use after his death. The reason the organs are wanted is because Morphy once was in the last stages of consumption and was cured by outdoor singing. The price offered was good, and Morphy went to Chicago, and after consultation, tentatively accepted it.

But Morphy has a little daughter, who got wind of the bargain and pleaded with her father to rescind. She did not want her papa cut up by doctors. Morphy, between love of his child and the thought of how much good the money would do her after he was gone, fled to Detroit to think it over. Dr. Blair pursued. He argued with Morphy with redoubled fervor, and she doubted the price. Morphy, however, when assured that his

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Those who hear Morphy sing little dream that those songs are a battle for life; nature, by this means, has been able to create a wall between the lungs that have become diseased and the surrounding healthy tissues. Constant exercise of the vocal organs has brought about an abnormal development of the muscles of the larynx that have also given their support to the protective forces.

"This muscular development of the larynx is vividly illustrated by the fact that during the winter vacation season Morphy wears a 15 collar and finds it necessary to buy an 18 size after one week's combat in the open air against a military band."

PRODUCTION MEERSCHAUM.

Meerschaum is a compact, earthy mineral hydrate magnesium silicate. It is a grayish white or white with a faint yellowish tint. It occurs in stratified earthy or alluvial deposits of the plains of Eski-Shehr and elsewhere in Asia Minor; also in Greece, in Hungary, in Moravia, and in Morocco. The deposits in Asia Minor are worked by pits and galleries at a depth of twenty-four to thirty feet.—New York American.

MACHINE RECORDS LOVE TEMPERATURE

Register of Affections Is a Great Boon to the Bashful.

If you happen to be bashful, which you possibly may be, in the gentle art of wooing, you may right now take unto yourself cheer, jollity, mirth, and satisfaction, for all your troubles can soon be over. You may have to become a phthymographer to make things right and you might regard yourself as a good deal of a cuss to do that, but you would have the exact and precise knowledge which is so satisfying.

All you have to do is to lure the object of your affections over to Philadelphia, and then out to the laboratory of the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania. The rest is easy. With a careless air you inveigle her to place her dainty hand—of course, the hand is dainty—in a machine which you will notice is labelled "phthymograph" or "phthymograph."

Then you step into the next room and get the man in charge of the machine to whisper your name softly in her ear.

The machine does the rest. If she had merely a sneaking regard for you, or if she is indifferent, or if she just palpitates within when she thinks of you, the machine will show it. The indicator will tell you the real story in the next room.

The machine registers a distinct line on a sheet of paper, which records with precise accuracy the force of the emotions which are aroused by the mention of your name.

Of course, if the line swerves despairingly down, there is nothing in the world to do but get the girl away as soon as possible and seek in other fields your heart mate. But if it curves up—and curves up with a good, smart sharpness—it is a cue for you to rush back, tell the man who is operating the machine that he really isn't needed, and then clasp the dear girl firmly to your heart. Tell her you know she thinks the world of you, and that she needn't say "yes," as you have her answer already.

She will regard this as a bit of masterful work, and your stock will rise accordingly.

Later we doubtless will have pocket machines of the same sort, and they will be a boon to the bashful. "She loves me, she loves me not," will be a game which will return to favor outside the daisy season. In fact, the invention or discovery, or whatever it is, supplies a sporting chance on which wagers may be made, and as such is a thing much to be desired.

CONVICTED BANKER IS ILL IN PRISON

LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Special.—John R. Walsh, the convicted Chicago banker, is ill in the Federal prison hospital. He is suffering from heart disease, and the physicians say he has had seventy-two years' counts against him. It is feared that the shock of his imprisonment may result seriously.

COMPARE HUGHES AND HARMON

One An Aggressive Leader, the Other a Charming Political Coquette.

In addition to the very eminent gentleman already occupying the White House, there are in Washington today two other eminent gentlemen outside of the White House who are not without hope and expectation of some day breaking into that most comfortable domicile by way of party nomination and election.

Gov. Hughes of New York, if he is running for President at all, is a candidate by indirection and negation. It is sometimes the most effective way.

The governor says quite frankly and softly that he "is not a candidate for President." But he says quite emphatically and vigorously that "under no possible conditions will he be a candidate for re-election as governor of New York."

And when one compares the fortissimo of the governor's statement about State honors and the dulcet pianissimo of his declaration in the national matter, it is so plain that the wayfarer, through a stranger, may read that the New York executive is "in the hands of his friends" for 1912.

Harman of Ohio, if he is a candidate at all, is stalking the Presidency in the old-fashioned way. He is prudent, he is conservative, he is a little non-committal. He talks a little and smiles much and shakes hands charmingly. He has excited no antagonism in the ranks and has not a single enemy in the entire Democratic party from Maine to California.

His excessive prudence of opinion may be justified by the God-forsaken state to which his party has come in American politics, provided he wakes up and leads a straight, clear-headed and a little bit of a trumpet when the time comes.

If he is waiting to see what his party thinks, he is carrying a forlorn hope. If he goes forth to teach them how to think something all together, he has a chance, and a good one.

At what age is a woman the most beautiful? William Morris fixed it at 30, and taking one consideration with

OPEN AIR CURES ARE THE BEST

Physician Says Outdoor Treatment Is Good Remedy for Pneumonia.

Recent experiments in open-air treatment of disease were declared to have shown astonishing results by Dr. William F. Northrup in a lecture delivered yesterday at the Academy of Medicine. Dr. Northrup's address was the first of a series of twelve on prevention of disease, which are to be held at the academy under the joint auspices of the public health education committee of the Medical Society of the County of New York and the Hygiene committee of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

Dr. Northrup declared that the generally accepted theory that foul air consisted of a deficiency of oxygen and a large surplus of carbonic acid caused by breathing was erroneous.

"The familiar symptoms of headache, dizziness, nausea, and faintness in crowded inclosures are caused by heat storing in the body," he said. "This heat storing is due to increased moisture in the atmosphere and its stagnation. In the Black Hole of Calcutta the victims died from the increased heat and moisture and heat stagnation, not lack of oxygen."

It is stated headed persons who catch cold, Dr. Northrup said, and he declared that if temperature of rooms was kept beneath 70 degrees there would be a great decrease in pneumonia and many other ills. He said that outdoor treatment was now regarded as an almost certain cure for pneumonia, measles, and scarlet fever.

"The poor should wear clothing in preference of crowding in overheated rooms," he continued. "The body heat should be governed by coverings, and not by overheated air."

"There is no reason why children should not be as healthy in New York as in the country. Anaemic children are not made so by living in the city, as is supposed to the country, but because in cold weather they are huddled in overheated rooms."

Dr. R. G. Freeman, visiting physician of the New York Foundling Hospital, told of having checked an epidemic of measles and scarlet fever in that institution by taking all of the patients to the roof, where they remained until cured.

"When the epidemic broke out," said Dr. Freeman, "we expected to lose many babies, but, thanks to the open-air treatment, there was not one death."

After the addresses Dr. Freeman declared, in answer to a question, that no baby was too young for the open-air treatment, provided it was properly clothed. He also said that cold baths were better for young babies than warm baths if the baby glowed when taken from the water.

"Just dip them in and take them right out," he said. "You need not be afraid even if the water is very cold."

—New York Herald.

A TEST CASE.

"Would you have me for your sweet heart?" asked the girl fervently.

"Do you think, dear," she asked demurely, "that you can make love better than other men?"

"I think I can hold my own," he replied, folding her in his arms.—Young's Magazine.

HUNDREDS ARE VACCINATED

Smallpox Patient Has Mysteriously Beat It—Caesar Seems Safe.

Between 500 and 600 people were vaccinated Wednesday, because Oliver Caesar, a negro who lived on North Ninth Street, had smallpox. Oliver, himself, was supposed to be taken to the pesthouse. He, however, destroyed the supposition. Shortly after Oliver was informed that he had the smallpox he was notified that he would have to go to the pesthouse.

Oliver has a brother named Caesar, and, so far as the case can be understood, his living issue, Caesar, did not wish Oliver to cross the Rubicon—that is, Caesar did not want his little brother to go to the hospital.

Therefore, Oliver skidded, and went to Wilson, N. C., taking the disease to the place from which he got it. In Wilson Oliver has a brother named Arthur, and it is reasonably presumed that Oliver went to see Arthur. Anyhow, no one is trying to bring him back.

Dr. Brownly Foster said this morning that the village of Oliver, a missing slinger, left town without distributing notices to that effect, and that Oliver, himself, had been vaccinated through the medium of the tobacco circulation.

Everyone who may have come in contact with this Oliver Moses, so far as they can be found, has been inoculated with vaccine virus, and no one was vaccinated yesterday, but more was received by the Health Department today from Warsaw, Pa.

In the meantime Wilson, N. C., is anxious about Oliver Moses.

TYPEWRITERS IN MANILA.

Typewriters, or maquinas de escribir, as the Filipinos say, were novelties when we came. Adding machines and cash registers were put down as crazy American fables. Now you can hear their click and rattle from the busy houses on the Escolta, Manila's Broadway, into the dark and dingy shipping and brokerage offices in Calle Anloague, the city's Wall street. Up-to-date filing cases, card index systems, loose-leaf ledgers, flat-top desks, and conveniences of that nature are finding fast favor with the natives as well as with some of the foreigners.

The Spanish office desk was formerly a marvel of beauty but nothing else. It was of the Louis XIV style, with bow-legs, nicely carved; and having a slanting writing surface. Everything placed on it had an annoying habit of rolling into your lap. There were no drawers or pigeonholes. The only receptacle for filing papers was beneath the writing board. This had to be lifted, often at the expense of upsetting the ink, each time one chose to poke his head into the dark corners for something.

—Monroe Woolley, in The Bookkeeper.

WHEN WOMAN IS MOST BEAUTIFUL.

At what age is a woman the most beautiful? William Morris fixed it at 30, and taking one consideration with

another, we have arrived at the conclusion that this decision was a very wise one. Personally one might incline to the opinion that the age at which a woman is most dangerously attractive is 30 or thereabouts. At that stage of existence, whether she is married or single, and always supposing she has grace of form, a fair share of good looks, that she understands something of the art of dressing, that she has lived in the world and not in a provincial town or country rectory all her life, she can generally manage to outwit any girl. But we get a step further in the science of attractiveness when we come to the woman of 40. Her personal attractions are no longer of the dazzling description, but for all she has a charm which alone can be given by maturity, that wisdom which has been bought of experience, and sympathy springing from knowledge that teaches us tolerance.

—London World.

ADVICE TO A CONGRESSMAN.

The Congressman Dan Anthony, greeting: Why not become an insurgent? The attacks on old Joe Cannon are unfair, and untrue, and disgraceful, but if it is a fact that the people have him down and are sitting on him, why should you go down to defeat with him? Why not howl for a square deal as loudly as Victor Murdock? Why quarrel with the insurgents? Why not join them? If Tom McNeill has struck a popular issue, why not divide it with him? If the people want to punish old Joe Cannon unjustly, why not help them do it? Don't stand up in front of a mob and shout "principles." Join the mob. That's good politics, although it is a mean thing to do.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

In ancient times the Seven Wonders of the World were generally reckoned as follows: (1) The Pyramids of Egypt, (2) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, (3) the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, (4) the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, (5) the Colossus of Rhodes, (6) the Pharos at Alexandria, and (7) the statue of the Olympian Jove in Elis.

The Seven Wonders of the New World is an appellation sometimes conferred upon the following group of natural objects in the United States: (1) Niagara Falls, (2) Yellowstone Park, (3) Garden of the Gods, (4) Mammoth Cave, (5) Yosemite Valley, (6) Giant Trees, and (7) Natural Bridge.

SNAP SHOTS.

If the cost of living continues to rise, indigestion will be a sign of affluence.

The kind of woman that is always demanding explanations can hardly ever get them any other way.

The reason a boy is willing to take medicine is because it proves that he is too sick to go to school.

There are some who seem to think that keeping the Ten Commandments entitles them to hero medals.

About the easiest thing in this world for the average man to get, along without is a religious instructor.

When a man gets rich enough to feel that he can afford to be generous, it is a sign that he is willing to pay for a new sensation.

It has just about gotten so in this country that a man doesn't put himself in the hands of his friends until they have sterilized him.

The old-fashioned gallant who used to rise every time his wife entered the room now has a son who races with the women for a seat in the street car.

Mrs. Peavish says that she would be very glad to send Mr. Peavish in search of Dr. Cook, if she thought he wouldn't come back till he found him.

MODERN DIVINE RIGHT IN GERMANY

Kaiser Has Transformed Old Theory of Monarchy.

That the right of Kings to rule is of divine grant is a doctrine as tenaciously held by Wilhelm of Germany as by all his predecessors in the kingdom. This creates the paternal relation between King and subject, requires of a King the care, the fosterage, the provision and protection that a wise father should give his flock. But the doctrine is modernized in Germany, the older idea that it meant a divine right to take being reduced to the logical one of duty to care for; the application of noblesse oblige.

A graphic description of this transformation, this modernization of the divine right theory, is given in an article in the current Scribner's by Elmer Robertson, "Monarchical Socialism in Germany." It dates from the so-called Prussian common law promulgated in 1794 by Frederick William II., which declared it to be "the duty of the state to provide for the sustenance and support of those of its subjects who cannot obtain subsistence for themselves," asserted the right of the state to work with its correlative, his duty to the state, and the obligation of the State "to take such measures as will prevent destitution of its subjects and check excessive extravagances."

But it was ninety years before Bismarck, to checkmate the rising tide of socialism, applied the doctrine. "Give the working man work as long as he is healthy," assure him care when he is old," he said in his speech of May, 1884, advocating industrial insurance. To the objection that this involved the state in public works to give employment, Bismarck neither hedged nor dodged. "Of course," he replied. "Let them be undertaken. Why not? It is the state's duty."

And the state, under him, did its duty as he outlined it. It built more healthy, assure him care when he is old," he said in his speech of May, 1884, advocating industrial insurance. To the objection that this involved the state in public works to give employment, Bismarck neither hedged nor dodged. "Of course," he replied. "Let them be undertaken. Why not? It is the state's duty."

Additional wonderment, speechless in his character, will be occasioned by the announcement that this great health-giving air of the Pacific Riviera, or any other air, may be washed, brushed up, deodorized, purified, dried, chilled, or heated according to individual discretion and served in any first-class hotel room with no more difficulty than the mere touching of an electric button.

Accordingly, a number of rooms in the new Alcantara will be provided with a clean-air attachment that will permit the hermetic closing of any apartment and at the same time furnish dust-free, smokeless and noiseless atmosphere at any desired degree. To thoroughly ventilate a room every four minutes without opening either transom or window—that is what the Alcantara proposes to do.

In the future Clerk Shalld will give the guests, perhaps, as follows: "Yourself, please."

SOME "SCANDALS" IN WALL STREET

Stock Exchange Should Establish System of Inspection and Observation.

The authorities of the New York Stock Exchange have scarcely disposed of "the Rock Island scandal" when they are called upon to solve a puzzling problem growing out of the collapse of the Columbus and Hocking Canal and Iron pool.

Much of the current comment upon these incidents is based upon a mistaken conception of the functions of the exchange. It claims to be merely a voluntary association, the purpose of which is to provide its members with facilities to meet for the buying and selling of securities.

The system pursued is that of an open auction upon "the floor," the seller being bound to accept the highest price publicly bid and the buyer being obliged to purchase at the lowest price for which the securities are offered. This is admitted to be the best system pursued on any of the world's exchanges, but like all others, it is subject to abuse.

Keeping in mind that the stock exchange is a big auction room, it is not clear that sudden rise of \$30 a share in the Rock Island shares the other day and the almost equally sudden decline was in any way a reflection upon the methods of the exchange, notwithstanding the fact that in yielding to the general clamor of "scandals" and the fear of legislative interference its officials punished the brokers who executed its buying orders by suspending them from the privileges of the floor.

The collapse of the Columbus and Hocking pool is an entirely different matter. A group of men took hold of the stock when it was quoted not far above \$20 a share, and in the course of a twelve-month advanced it to more than \$90 without any convincing reason—merely on circulation of alluring reports as to promised developments on the property. Now, on the theory that the duty of the stock exchange is to provide a market place for presumably responsible buyers and sellers, it could not be held responsible for this movement in the resulting collapse. But the exchange, as a matter of fact, is a great public institution and as such owes certain duties to the community.

Self-interest—as evidenced in the fact that it is now subjected by the collapse of this pool—demands that it shall, so far as possible, prevent its facilities from being used by such dishonest and mischievous combinations.

The progress of such "pools" as that in "Hocking Coal" became known to all close observers of Wall street movements, and in the course of their own institution it would seem that stock exchange authorities must be impelled to establish some system of observation and inspection which will give them warning when such manipulation is under way and enable them to exclude the conspirators from the facilities of the exchange before the harm is done.

—New York Herald.

KING OF ALL FISH.

One time at San Clemente, we sighted a feeding school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the "flyer" and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, tearing and tossing the spouting fish with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

This sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes; at once the lust for blood and food was on and carnage was the result.

I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fish so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring flying fish. At such times when a school of sardines is "rounded up" the fishes are so terrified that they crowd and cling to them and scooped them in by the painful.

COST OF LIVING.

People at large are ascribing the present high cost of necessities in this country to one or all of seven separate causes: the world's increasing gold production; exhaustion or partial exhaustion of natural resources; the exactions of the trusts; protective tariffs; forestalling operations by speculators; habitual extravagance by the community as a whole, and, finally, the demands of labor.

Our own impression is that, except possibly for the last-named influence, all of the above-named causes have operated, though in widely varying degree.

Persons who are under the impression that the Los Angeles atmosphere is the ne plus ultra of ethereal purity will have the surprise of their lives when they hear the startling intelligence that there is still room for improvement.

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lighted to have you. What temperature do you desire in your room.

Upon the surprise of the guest, for instance, that he wishes a nice 68-degree atmosphere, the clerk will simply move an indicator under the room number and before the guests reach the elevator their rooms will have the desired climatic conditions. It will be explained to them that the purest air is that which is cleaned by chemical processes, made dustless and germless, and scientifically conveyed to the hotel rooms through large pipes that have their origin on the roof.

In this same manner guests will be provided with cool breezes of laundered atmosphere during the hot summer months.

"We will have the best ventilated hotel in the world," said Mr. Whitmore, "and propose to equip a number of rooms with this new device of furnishing pure air at any degree of heat or cold, according to individual desires."

LET IT BE PLAIN "TAFT."

An "Allean" writes to a New York contemporary, expressing his surprise at the frequency with which American editorial writers, as well as men in their clubs and folks on the street, refer to President as "Taft." There doubtless has been too much of this in the deferential language used toward the head of the Republic since the days of Washington. But the custom is not wholly bad. We do it oftener, and with less essential disrespect when the Executive happens to be a man of some dimensions. Britons refer to "Bismarck," but they say "Mr. Asquith." Americans say "President Polk" and "President Buchanan," but they have said "Lincoln," "Cleveland," "Roosevelt," and now they say "Taft."

They say "Abe Lincoln" as a mark of unusual affection, and sense of property in him, just as later they talked about "Teddy."

Letter Writing.

The magazines are worrying because letter writing is becoming a lost art. We are glad of it. The more the man who devotes a great deal of time to writing social letters is an idler, and, as a rule, imposes on some person who is inquisitorial.

OUT IN TWO BY ROPE

AS HE STEERS A SHIP

NEW YORK.—Special.—One tragedy of the sea and a half dozen minor but still exciting marine dramas were described Thursday by the men of the British steamer Argo, which made port at New York on Tuesday night, after a day trip from Seattle, including a stop at Fayal for repairs. She brought aboard 1903 passengers, but the loss of part of the crew of the unfortunate bark Fortuna and the killing of her helmsman, Captain Dove, was a disaster.

On the morning of December 19th, the steamer's lifeboats were washed away, and the engine room was almost flooded and a high wave washed the bridge through the captain's cabin, killing his leg.

When the Argo was at Seattle, the Portuguese bark Fortuna was towed in tow of the Argo. She was a small vessel, and had been washed overboard and both legs of a tenth had been broken. When the Argo was at Seattle, the Portuguese bark Fortuna was towed in tow of the Argo. She was a small vessel, and had been washed overboard and both legs of a tenth had been broken.

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MOURNED FOR DEAD: SHOWS UP ALIVE

STAUNTON, VA.—Special.—Daniel Shaw, son of Mrs. Lizzie Shaw, of Pleasant Valley, who was murdered as dead for six years, has turned up at his home not far from Staunton, Va., and is now living in a comfortable way on an engineering corps, and for a while his mind was affected.

He was reported dead, but now turns up at Staunton, Va., and is now living in a comfortable way on an engineering corps, and for a while his mind was affected.

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POSTAL SAVINGS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Bank Officials Have Many Grievances Against Depositors.

The growing habit of using the post-office savings bank as a place—paying in a shilling to-day and drawing out a few days afterward—is only one of the grievances which the officials have against many of the depositors. The official view on this misuse of the bank was given yesterday.

Thoughtlessness and